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KONGSBERG, NORWAY, Aug 26, 1857. There are two roads from Lerdsledren to Chris-Sania, the eastern one passing through the districts of Valders and Hadeland, by way of the Little Missen Lake and the Randsfjord, while the western, ofter crossing the Fileffeld, descends the long Bultingdal to Ringerike. In point of scenery here is little difference between them, but so we Intended visiting the province of Tellemark, in Bouthern Norway, we chose the latter. The valley of the Filletjeld, which we entered on leaving Lerdal-oren, is enclosed by wi'd barren moun ains. more isolated and erregular in their forms than the Hardsnger and Doore Fjelds. There were occasional precipices and dancing waterfalls, but in general the same sameness and monotony we had band on the Segne Fjord. Down the bed of the valley flowed a large, rapid stream, clear as crystal, and of a beautiful beryl tint. The cultivation was searty, and the potato fields, utterly ruined by discase, tainted the air with sickening effluvia. The occasional forests on the bill-sides were of fir and birch, while poplar, ash and linden grew in the valby. The only fruit-trees I saw were some sour med cherries.

But, in the splendor of the day, this unfriendly valley shone like a del! of the Apennines. Not a cloud disturbed the screnity of the sky; the brown mes and yellow mose on the mountains were painted with sunny gold, and the gloss and epackle of the foliage equaled that of the Italian ilex and burel. On the second stage, a new and superb road carried us through the rugged defile of Saltenasset. This pass is evidently the effect of some mighty avalanche, thousands of ages ago. The valley is blocked up by tremendous masses of rock, hurled one upon the other in the wildest confusion, while the shattered peaks from which they fell still tower far above. Threading this chaos in the shadow of the rocks, we looked across the glen upon a braided chain of foam, twisted to gether at the end into a long white cascade, which dropped into the guif below. In another place, rainbow meteor suddenly finahed across the face of a dark orag, betraying the dusty apray of a fall clae

On the third stage, the read, after mounting s difficult steep, descended into the Valley of Borgund, in which stands probably the most ancient church in Norway. It is a singular, fantastic structure, bristling with spiky spires, and covered with a scale armor of black, pitched shingles. It m certainly of not more recent date than the breifth century, and possibly of the close of the eleventh. The architecture shows the Bysantine style in the rounded choir and the arched galleries along the sides, the Gothic in the windows and pointed gables, and the horned ornaments on the roof suggest the pagan temples of the aute-Chris tian period. A more grotesque affair could hardly be found in Christendom. It could only be matched among the monstresities of Chinese art. With the exception of the church of Hitterdal, in Tellemark-a building of similar date—this is the best preserved of the few antiquities of Norway. The entire absence of feudal castles is a thing to be noticed. Serfdom never existed here, and one result of it, perhaps, is the case with which institutions of a purely republican stamp have been intro-

Our road still proceeded up the bottom of a rough barren valley, crossing stony headlands on either side. At the station of Haug, our course turned to the south-east, climbing a slope leading to the plateau of the Fille Fjeld-a severe pull for our ses in the intense heat. The birch woods gradwelly diminished in size until they ceased altogether. and the naked plain stretched before us. In this were more than three thousand feet above the sec but the summits to the right and left, with their soft gleams of pale gray, like and purple hues in the sunshine and pure blue in shadow, rose to the hight of six thousand. The heat of the previous ton days had stripped them bare of snow, and the landscape was drear and monotonous. The summits of the Norwegian fields have only the charm of wildness and bleakness. I doubt whether any mountains of equal hight exhibit less graudeur in meir upper regions. The most imposing features of Norwegian scenery are its deep valleys, its tromendous gorges with their estaracts, flung like benners from steeps which seem to lean against the very sky, and, most of all, its winding, labyrinthine fords-valleys of the sea, in which the phenomens of the valleys of the land are repeated. I have found no scenery in the Bergenstift of so original and impressive a character as that of the Lofoden

This day was Sunday, and we of course expected to see some evidence of it in the appearance of the people. Yet during the whole day we found but one clean person—the hostess of an inn on the summit of the Fille Fjeld, where we stopped to bait our horses. She was a young, fresh-faced woman, in the first year of her wifehood, and her snowy chemise and tidy petticoat made her shine like i star among the dirty and frowzy creatures in the I should not forget a boy, who was washing his face in a brook, as we passed; but he was young, and didn't know any better. Otherwise, the perple lounged about the houses, or sat on the rocks in the sun, filthy, and something else, to judge from certain signs. At Haug, forgetting that it was a fast station, where there is no tilsigelse (money for ordering horses) to be paid, I harded the usual sum to the landlady, saying: "This is for tilsigelse." "It is quite right," said she, pocketing the coin.

Shirting an azure lake, we crossed the highest part of the pass nearly four thousand feet above the sea, and descended a naked valley to the inn of Bjöberg. The landlord received us very cordially, and, as the inn promised tolerable accommodation he entily persuaded us to stop there for the night. His wife were a frightful costume, which we have since found to prevail throughout all Hemsedal and Hallingdal. It consisted simply of a band seroes the shoulders, above the breasts, passing around the arms and over the back of the neck with an immedie, baggy, dangling skirt hanging therefrom to the ankles. Whether she was fat or lean, straight or crooked, symmetrical or deformed it was impossible to discern, except when the wind blew. The only thing to be said in favor of such a costume is, that it does not impede the development and expansion of the body in any direction Hence I would strongly recommend its adoption to the advectes of referm in feminine dress at home. There is certainly none of that weight upon the

hips, of which they complain in the fashionable costume. It is far more baggy, loose and hideous than the Bloomer, with the additional advantage of making all ages and styles of beauty equally repulrive, while on the score of health and convenience there is still less to be said against it. Do not stop at half way measures, oh, fair reformers!

It seems incredible that, in a pastoral country like Norway, it should be almost impossible to prooure sweet milk and good butter. The cattle are of good quality, there is no better grass in the world and the only explanation of the fact is to be found a the general want of cleanliness, especially among the inhabitants of the mountain districts, which are devoted to pasturage alone. Knowing this, one wonders the less to see no measures taken for a supply of water, in the richer, grain-growing vaile)s, where it is so easily procurable. At Bjöberg for instance, there was a stream of delicious water flowing down the hill, close beside the ina, and four bored pine-trucks would have brought it to the very door; but, instead of that, the landing whirled off to the stream in her revolving dress to with the dishes, or to bring us half a pint to wash ourselves. We found water much more abundant last Winter in Swedish Lapland. Leaving Bjöberg betimes, we drove rapidly down

Hemsedal, erjoying the pure, delicious airs of the upper fjeld. The se-very was bleak and gray, and even the soft pencil of the morning oun failed to inpart any charms to it, except the nameless fascination of utter solitude and silence. Toe valley deseends so gradually that we had driven two Norsk miles before the fir forests in its bed began to creep up the mountain sides. During the second stage, we passed the remarkable peak of Saaten, on the opposite side of the valley-the end or cape of a long, projecting ridge, terminating in a scarped cliff from the very summit of which fell a cascade from three to four bundred feet in hight. Where the water came from, it was impossible to guess. unless there were a large deposit of snow just in the rear: for the mountains fell away behind Saaten, and the jagged, cleft headland rose alone above the valley. It was a strange and fantastic feature of the landscape, and, to me, a new form in the repertory of mountain aspects.

We now drove through fir woods balmy with warm, resinous odors, to Ekre, where we had ordered breakfast by forbad. The morning air had given us a healthy appetite, but our spirits sank when the only person at the station, a stupid girl of twenty, dressed in the same bulging, hideous sack, informed us that nothing was to be had. After some persuasion, she promised us coffee, cheese and bread, which came in due time, but with the best will we found it impossible to eat anything. The butter was rather black than yellow, the cheese as detestable to the taste as to the smell, the bread made apparently of saw dust, with a slight mixture of oat bran, and the coffee muddy dregs, with some sour cream in a sup, and sugar candy which appeared to have been sucked and then dropped in the ashes. The original color of the girl's hands was barely to be distinguished through their costing of dirt, and all of us, tough old travelers as we are, sickened at the sight of her. I verily believe the poorer classes of the Norwegians are the fithiest people in Europe. They are even worse than the Lapps, for their habits of life allow them to be After passing Ekre, our view opened down the

valley, over a wild stretch of wooded hills, to the blue mountain-felds of the Hallingdal, which crosses the Hemsedal almost at right angles, and receives its tributary waters. The forms of the mountains are here more gradual, and those grand sweeps and breaks which constitute the peculiar charm of the scenery of the Bergenstifs, are met with no longer. We had a hot ride to the next station, where we were obliged to wait nearly an hour in the kitchen, our forbud not having been forwarded from the former station as soon as the law allowed us to expect A strapping boy of eighteen acted as station-master. His proweers reached considerably above his shoulder-blades. leaving barely room for a waistcoat, six inches g, to be buttoned over his collar-bone. The and picturesque in the published illustrations than in the reality, particularly those of Halling fal. My postillion to this station was a communicative fellow, who gave me some information about the value of labor. A harvest-hand gets from one mark (21 cents) to one and a half daily, with food, or two marks without. Most work is paid by the ob: a strong lumberman may make two and a half nacks when the days are long, at six shillings (5 cents) a tree-a plowman two marks. In the Winter, the usual wages of laborers is two marks a week, with board. Shoemakers, tailors and other nechanics average about the same, daily. When one considers the scarcity of good food and the high price of all luxuries, especially tobacco and brandy, it does not seem strange that the emigration fever should be so prevalent. The Norwegians have two traits in common with a large class of Americans-rampant patriotism and love of gain; but they cannot so easily satisfy the latter without sacrificing the former.

From the village of Gol, with its dark, pretty hurch, we descended a steep of many hundred feet into Hallingdal, whose broad stream flashed blue in the sunshine far below us. The mountains were now wooded to their very summite, and ever the less abrupt slopes ripe cate and barley fields made yellow spots of barvest among the dark forests. By this time, we were out of smoking material, and stopped at the house of a landhandlars, or country merchant, to procure a supply. A rictous sound came from the door as we approached. Six or eight men, all more or less drunk, and one weman, were inside, singing, jumping, stumping and howling, like a pack of Bedlamites. We bought the whole stock of tobacco, consisting of two eigars, and hastened out of the den. The last station of ten miles was down the beautiful Halling dal, through a country which seemed rich by con trast with Hemsedal and the barren field. Our stopping place was the village of Næs, which we reached in a famished condition, having eaten nothing all day. There were two landhandlare in the place, with one of whom we lodged. Here we found a few signs of Christianity, such as gar dens and decent dresses, but both'of the merchants' shops swarmed with rum-drinkers.

I had written and sent off from Bjöberg forbud tickets for every station as far as Kongeberg. By the legal regulations, the skyd-skaffer is obliged to send forward such tickets as soon as received, the traveler paying the cost thereof on his agrival Notwithstanding we had given our forbud twelve howrs' start, and had punctually paid the expense at every station, we overtook it at Ness. The Postmaster came to know whether we would have it sent on by special express, or wait until some traveler, bound the same way, would take it for us. I ordered it to be sent immediately, astounded at such a question, until, on making the acquaintance of a

Scotchman and his wife, who had arrived in advance of ut, the mystery was solved. They had spent the night at the first station beyond Bjöberg, where our forbud tickets were given to them, with the request that they would deliver them. Tacy had punctually done so as far as Næs, where the people had endeavored to prevent them from stopping for the night, insisting that they were bound to go on and carry the forbud! The cool impudence of this transaction reached the sublime. At every station that day, pay had been taken for service unperformed, and it was more than once demanded twice over.

We trusted the repeated assurance of the nest master at Næs, that our tickets had been forwarded at once, and paid him accordingly. But at the first station next morning we found that he had not done so, and this interlinked chain of swindling lasted the whole day. We were obliged to wait as hour or two at every post, to pay for messengers who probably never went, and then to resist a de mand for repayment at the other end of the station. What redress was there! We might indeed write a complaint in imperfect Norsk, which would be read by an Inspector a month hence, or perhaps it would be crossed out as soon as we left, as we saw done in two or three instances. Unless a traveler is very well versed in the language and in the laws relating to the skyds system, he has no defense against imposition, and even in such a case he can only obtain redress through delay. The system can only work equitably when the people are honest, and perhaps they were so when it was first adopted.

Here I must tell an unpleasant truth. There must have been some foundation in the beginning for the wide reputation which the Norwegians have for henest simpleity of character, but the accounts given by former travelers are undeserved praise, if applied at present. The people are trading on fietitious capital. "Should I require a written coatract?" I asked of a landlord in relation to a man with whom I was making a bargain. "Oh, no." said he, "everybody is honest in Norway"-and the same man tried his best to cheatme. Said Braisted: "I once heard an old sailer say- When a man has a reputation for honesty, watch him!" "-and there is some knowledge of human nature in the remark. Norway was a fresh field when Laing came hither: opportunities for imposition were so rare that the faculty had not been developed: he found the peo ple honest, and later travelers have been content with echoirg his opinion. "When I first came to the country," said an Irish gentleman, who for ten years past has spent his Summers here, "I was advised, as I did not understand the currency, to offer a handfull in payment, and let the people take what was due them." "Would you do it now?" I asked. "No, indeed," said he, "and the man who then advised me, a Norwegian merchant, now says he would not do it either." An English salmon-fisher told me very much the same thing. "I believe they are bonest in their intercourse with each other," said he, "but they do not scruple to take advantage of travelers whenever they can." For my own part, I must say that in no country of Europe, except Italy, have I experienced so many attempts at imposition. Another Englishman who has been farming here for saveral years, and who employs about forty laborers, has been obliged to procure Swedes, on account of the peculation of the native hands. I came to Norway with the popular impression concerning the people, and would not confess myself so disagreeably undeceived, could I suppose that my own experiences were exceptional. I find, however, that they tally with those of other travelers this Summer, and the conelusion is to o flagrant to be concealed.

As a general rule, I have found the people honce in proportion as they are stapid. They are quickwitted wherever the spirit of gain is aroused, and the ease with which they pick up little arts of acquisitiveness does not suggest an integrity proof against temptation. It is but a negative virtue, rather than that stable quality rooted in the very core of a man's nature. I may, perhaps, judge a little barshiy; but when one finds the love of gain so strongly developed, so keen and grasping, in bination with the four espital vices of the Nortiousness—the descent to such dishonest arts as I have described is scarcely a single step. There are, no doubt, many districts where the people are still untempted by rich tourists and sportsmen, and setain the virtues once secribed to the whole population, but that there has been a general and rapid deterioration of character cannot be desied. The statistics of merality, for instance, show that one child out of every ten is illegitimate, and the ratio has been steadily increasing for the past fifty years. Would that the more intelligent classes would seriously set themselves to work for the good of " Gamle Norge," instead of being content with the poetical flourish of her name!

Yesterday, from Næs to Green, was a continuation of our journey down the Hallingdal. There was little change in the scenery-high, fir-wooded mountains on either hand, the lower slopes spotted with farms; the houses showed some slight improvement as we advanced. The people were all at work in the fields, cutting this year's satisfactory harvest. A scorehing san blazed in a cloudless sky; the earth was baked and dry, and suffoceting clouds of dust rose from under our horses' toofs. Most of the women in the fields, on account of the heat, had pulled off their body-sacks, and were working in shifts made on the same principle, which reached to the knees. Other garment they had none. A few, recognizing us as strangers, hastily threw on their sacks, or got behind a barleystack until we had passed: the others were quite anconcerned. One, whose garment was exceedngly short, no sooner saw us than she commenced a field-dance, full of astonishing leaps and whirls, to the great diversion of the other hands. "Weel done, cutty sark !" I cried, but the quotation was brown away upon her.

Green, on the Kröder Lake, which we did not reach until long after dark, was an onsis after our previous experiences Such clean, refined, friendly people, such a nest table, such excellent fire, and such delicious beds, we had certainly never seen before! Blessed be deceacy! blessed be humanity! was our fervent ejsculation. And when in the morning we paid an honest reckoning, and received a hearty lyiksame resa!" (a lacky journey!) at parting, we vowed that the place should always be Green in our memories. To-day we have had fast stations and civilized people: the country is eyen, well sett'ed and cultivated, the scenery pleasing and picturesque, and, except the insufferable best and dust. we can complain of nothing.

DISASTROUS EXPLOSION -We learn that on Thur. Disastrates have a seem boiler attached to a saw-day or Friday leat a steam boiler attached to a saw-mill in Pulsahi County, Ililonis, blew up and killed mill in Pulsahi, the owner, and two others, and severely mill in Pulsaki County, kinous, blew up and killed John Fincher, the owner, and two others, and saverely injured Jacob Fircher, a brother of the proprietor. The latter, it is thought, cannot possibly survive. The body of Jehn Fincher was on Friday night taken to Lebauca, St. Clair County, where his family reside. The cause of the accident has not been reported.

[Misseuri Republican, 25]. LITERATURE AT PARIS.

PARIS, Nov. 12, 1857. The literary event of the month is the appearance of "Les Dernières Chansons de Béranger." These lyrics, to which the general title of Chansons hardly deer justice, are ninety-two in number. Many of them are something higher and larger than songs, even than songs of Beranger. Many of them belong to the first order of lyric poetry by form and sentiment; the machinery of the song proper, that is, the indication of the air at the head of the piece and the burden at the close of each stanza, is ofcen omitted. They are the poeme of an old man: not that they contain a line touched with the weakness of senility-for vigor of thought and exquisite finish of artistic form they are not surpassed by any of his earlier productions-but the wit, as fine as ever, is rather lambent than mordant; the abullient gayety has passed into a smiling chearfulness; the militant ardor of the revolutionist is changed to the reflective columness of the philosopher. But Beranger remains Beranger: no other man could have written any one of these ninety two poems; not one of them contains a line inconsistent with the spirit of any line he ever penned; the last piece in the collection, an Adieu to France, doubtless composed when he felt death upon him, is marked with that characteristic accent of patriotic emotion,

which, in him, was of the nature of filial love : "Adored mother, adien. Let thy sacred name Ee the last that my lips utter! Has any Frenchman better loved thee!"

Since I have once committed the crime of prose translation on this Adieu, I will repeat it on the last stanza of a charming little poem, an Adieu to Paris, written at the time he was living in the valley of the Loire, in which he depicts with the most grace-ful rural imagery, his love of independence and

ity:
Trees and streams, birds and roses,
Yes, I head y un Adleu Paris!
I amuse myself with the simplest things.
When I think on God I smile.
What do I want! A little shade.
A few paor to bless me:
And, for the long sleep that is coming.
The graveyard of the village.
And so each or peats softly—
Go not away.

Béranger's devotion to verse deprived France of a proce writer whose productions would have taken rank, for style, wit, and good sense, in her highest literature. Proof of this appears in whatever proce he ever published, but nowhere more strikingly than he ever published, but nowhere more strikingly than in the lorg preface to this posthumous volume. To use a modern phrase, "it defines the position" of the writer; to use an older term, it presents the "apology" of his life as a literary man, a political man, and a private man. He insists upon his rights and tastes in this letter quality with much carnest. and tastes in this latter quality with much earnestness and humor. No author was ever more careful
to deserve or more high y valued a true literary fame
than he; but no man ever feit greater aversion to
an ostertatious celebrity; few men ever sacrificed
more for the sake of personal independence, or
guarded their personal dignity more jealously. Excepting the ten new songs which he presented to his
friend and publisher, M. Perrotin in 1847, he was
silent for the public after 1833. He save: friend and publisher, M. Perrotti as sys: silent for the public after 1833. He says:

silent for the public after 1833. He says:

"Surely, I would not have suddenly withdrawn from the literary career, if it were possible for a writer to divide his life into two parts; his works for the public, his person for himself. I would fain have been able to say, almost with Sosie, one me walks in the atreets, when he is sung and applauded; and the other me sees and hears him from the window without being recognized or salured by the passers by. But that is hardly possible, if one presents himself as the champion of the people's interests, at a time when pultics (in politique) passes its battations in daily review, and makes it destrable that soldiers as well as leaders should know each other.

its battailone in daily review, and makes it destrable that solders as well as leaders should know each other.

"Besides, a general publicity is now the order of the day. With its great edvantages there naturally result some inconveniences. Every one, for example, assumes the right to print your letters without year consent. Your portrait or your bust, made from memory or even by pure invention, is displayed in shop windows to the idle gaze of the passers by. In abort, if you count a journalist among your friends, he, discovering the material of articles in you, cuts you into columns and sells you at so much the line.

"What I have most envied the great writers of the time of Louis XIV., next to their genius, is the sort of obscurity in which they were permitted to wrap their modest lives; not making of the noise of their reputation a constant necessity, they knew how to pass their lives in that silence which, with us, so quickly follows loud applause. If one of them was a nushard or father, he was not surprised that his wife and children were ignorant of the very titles of his works. So quiet was the existence of several of these great men, that it has been difficult to compose historical notices of them more than twenty lines—to the great discontent of traders is biography.

"This way of viewing things fs not to be passed to the credit of philosophy; I owe it simply to my love of independence. It will explain the happiness I felt in ceasing, after 1833, to occupy the public with myself. On this account, and from the political point of view, some persons have cersured and even attacked me, I

on this account, and from the political point of view, some persons have censured and even attacked me; I have beard my silence treated as a crime. I am not sure that there were not certain case, who had been unable to get themselves bought, who went so far as to say that I was sold."

Berauger justifies the silence of his muse by reasons cravaly and humanical many points.

sons gravely and humorously put, which must be satisfactory to all. More cogent among these rea sons than his love of tranquillity were a true patri-otism, a simple modesty, and a serupulous sense of justice. The nobleness of this rare character and the soundness as well as acuteness of Béranger's politi-cal views, are admirably set forth in this part of the preface. Not wishing to remain idle, and believing he could no longer do the caustry some service by writing political songs, he meditated the composi-tion of "a work in proce for the education of the "working classes, in order to put his old age to "use." Unfortunately for the working classes and for us all, a modest fear (which the old patriot more modestly designates as a puerile vanity) of his isability to bring the work, in point of mere hierary art, up to the exacting standard he proposed to himself, prevented its execution. He then undertook the Biography of Cotemporaries, and continued it for some time; but here the fear of doing injustice to others restrained him, and he destroyed the manto others restrained him, and he drattoyed the him useripts. Another cause, that rarely influences now-a-days the writers of biographies, was for a part in the renouncing of this work. These brief extracts cannot be better terminated than with the statement of it in his own words:

"If there is a pleasure in reversing unjust ver "If there is a pleasure in reversing unjust diets by correcting erroneous or over-violent accusations, how deep is the pain whon, for the sake of truth, it is necessary to detract from the luster of a noble life, which virtue or high intellect has not availed to preserve utterly free from error—above all, if one is convinced, as I am, that to needlessly and recklessly destroy the admiration of the people for its great men is to labor at its demoralization."

We have no other very marked new book of late except L'Ineecte by Michelet, of which I tried to speak, with the praise it merits, before its publica-tion in book form. Certain classes of books that bave appeared within the year are worthy of notice by classes, as indicating the movement of French literature. It is not intended, by this remark, to question the value of the individual works, the mere catalogue of which would alone fill this letter. Next to the volumineus additions to the mass of French listorical literature, an unusually large number of religious works have been published this year, theoretical and practical polymical, didactic and marraretical and practical, polemical, didactic and narra-retical and practical, polemical, didactic and narra-tive, and, meaning no disrespect, high fautastic. The majority of these are intended for the confirming The majority of these are inten of readers in the Catholic Roman faith, or for their conversion therete; contrary-similar Protestant writings are also not wanting.

After history and religion, political economy has been a most fertile theme. Under this should be in-

been a most fertile theme. Under this should be in-cluded the treatises plays, poems and sermons on Finance. And here let me particularize La Monnaie de la Barque, by M. Paul Coq, a treatise specially interesting at the moment from its subject, and highly spoken of by competent critics.

The present is the "sesson" of one class of lite-rature highly favored in France, and worthy of some attention, as furnishing a curious study of popular tastes. This is the literature of Almanaes and

This is the literature of Almanace Annuaires, of which something over a hundred are yearly published, each having its "specialty" of Napoleouism, astrology, theatricals, saints, puns, and so forth, through the long estatogue of human in-

teests, whims and errors.

Then there is the occasional department of literarature. A few years numerous back writers and

some of their betters were writing a library of history, fiction and speculation on Russo-Turkish themes. Now every week brings us a new volume or two of history, travel, statistics, compiled descrip-

or two of history, travel, statistics, compiled description or confessed fiction, of which India and India affairs are the base.

Less important in any respect than any of the above, but quite flourishing of late in its little way, is what may be called the old-family department of letters. We have altogether a half dozen or more little new books and pamphlets treating all of nobility, the very existence of which, let alone their contents. the very existence of which, let alone their content-indicates a curious trait in French national charac-

Excepting the United States, if not not excepting

that model republic, there is no nation in the civilized world where the sentiment of equality is so deep seated and universal as France. The Legion of Honornumbers about 60,000 members; the recently instituted Medail'e de St. Helène, properly styled the chocolate medal, is eagerly and ostentatiously pinned on to some three hundred thousand French coate, overcoate, strait coate, frock coate, sacks, paletots, reglans, vests, bleuses, and other upper outer garments; there are so many thousand army officers in service and retirement; these are all the private bearers of the military medal and the Eng-lish Crimean medal; these are the bearers of foreign decorations of knighthood, and these are the bearers of the ministerial medals of Sauretage and others. Say on the whole then that one million of the ten million male adult French wear some title or medal as above enumerated. The numerous generals, majors, colonels, captains, honorables, judges and private squires among your leaders, may judge whether the other time million suffer their privation whether the other time milion suffer their privation quietly. They seek comfort then in titles of nobility, or lacking them, they prefix to their names the particle de which implies notibility. Now, as com-pared with these, the number of men in France who can make out a clean title of nobility in the old sense of the word, is about as large, proportion-ately, as the number of blood horses in Kipp & ately, as the number of blood horses in Brown's omnibus line. For it is a well-known, though not much ventilated, fact that, leaving out of view the numerous extinguished ante-revolu tionary titles, an enormous proportion of the titles borne before '80 were assumed, not granted. There was talk last year and this to the effect that Government was proposing to regulate this matter o title, in respect of which, after so many revolutions, no clear, effective law exists; and though a goverament of which the chief sensibly boasts that he is a parvenu, a nerus home, will probably have the good sense to let the present confusion reign, the mere rumer painfully interested scores of doubtful nobles. Hence their readiness to buy these books, one of which and the best offers them small comfort. It is entitled Les Nobles et les Vilains. The author't is entitled Les Nobles et les Vilains. curious researches prove, as Texier witily remarks, "that unfortunately nobles and vitains are "so mixed up that now-a days it is extremely diffi"cult to tell one from t'other." This same amusing writer gives a not very extravagant notion of this recent articles. French mania for titles in one of his recent articles. when he says: "Barons, viscounts, counts, mar-quises, dukes and princes of the holy Reman Emwhere, all are there [at an evening party]. Princes were never so plenty, dukes abound, and martures swarm, batons are past counting, and for my own part, I know three Knights of Malta and 'two Counts Palatine who are now applicants for a clerkship in a railway office at a salary of 1,500

"francs a year."

It came cut in the trial of that simple, silly, good-natured, popular Count Migeon, that he purchased his title fer 950 francs cash. A similar article may be had, I believe, on application, with satisfactory references, to the Reman Chancellerie. I mention the fact for the benefit of American youth traveling abroad. One occasionally meets such republican adolescents who are almost more offensive in their First-Family pretensions than the fiercest of our democrats in their troublesome estentation of inde-

NANA SAHIB AND HIS AGENTS.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

The Anglo-Indian Government may have supposed that they held a firm grasp over Nana Sahib by their indebtedness to him. He was, in a monetary sense, a respectable and responsible man; and even at his rebellion his name stood in the books at Calcutta as the holder of £30,000 worth of Indian stock. At one period he was the holder of a much larger amount.

Nana Sahib is an English reholar, conversant with our history, and acquainted intimately with European publics. He was partial to Erglish society, and the palace at Bithoor was considered an open house by English officers and other gentlemen stationed at Cawnpore, from which it is only seven to nine miles distant. Its owner is even raid to have been acquainted with other modern languages of Europe, and to have had some scientific knowledge. His palact de noted the home of a Hindoo of more than current reficement and taste, and the chief followed European manners so far as they could be brought into consist erce with the rigid rules of a high caste Hindoo.

Nans Sahib may have sought the society of British residents and visitors to his neighborhood, with the hope of becoming popular among them, and improving his efforts to obtain a reconsideration of the pension question. At any rate, he was more popular with the little accepts than almost any Hindoo gentleman in

sepe of becoming popular among them, and improving his efforts to obtain a reconsideration of the pension question. At any rate, he was more popular with British society than almost any Hindoo gentleman in Bengal. When no expectation remained of a reversal of the pecuniary sentence from Calcutts, he was induced to send an agent to London, in the hope of at least prosecuting his case. We regret to believe that his agents at Calcutta, their correspondents at Liverpool, and the lawyers whom they employed in London, all thought more of their own position than the Peishwa's pension. The sum of £50,000 was transmitted from Bithoor to Calcutta for the prosecution of the case in London. Some portion of the money was doubtlera-retained in Calcutta for services done there, but the last time we heard of the balance remaining—£6 000 or £7,000—it was the subject of a decree in Chancery, upon the question of right to possess, raised by his rival agents.

Nata Sahib authorized a magnificent native, who was represented as his prime minister at Bithoor, to

Charcery copon the question of right to poscess, raised by his rival agents.

Nana Sahib authorized a magnificent native, who was represented as his prime minister at Bithoor, to conduct his case in London. This gentleman, who lived at Brighton chiefly, under the sonorous title of Meer Sahib Azimullah Khan Bahadoor, did not transact any business. He formed the acquaintance of the least creditable portion of our smaller arristoracy; or rather, perhaps, of persons who have little claim to the connection, except what they make, and the misfortune of having been born under the shadow of a stitle. Azimullah believed, perhaps, that they would greatly promote his principal purpose in the investment of the £50,000, or there may have been other reasons which "the scandalous" amused themselves in circulating; but the major sum, and sundry other remittances, very greatly, we fear, to the distress of the frasury at Bithoor, melted away rapidly under an expensive style of living; and of costly presents to females of course—who were called ladies in their own circles, and who managed to be suspected of immense influence with important personages. That was the reason assigned for a generestity quite magnificent on the part of the embassador of a petty Indian prince, who was very decidedly a subject of the crown.

As the different agents disagreed respecting the best mode of getting rid of Nena Sahib's money, the case in Obsarcery occurred which we have mentioned, and it became necessary to obtain the Poishwa's signature to certain documents and law papers. That necessity led to explanations at Bithoor, which induced the dispatch of another agent, who used none of the numerous titles appetiating to his companion. He was styled Mr. Mudie, and said to be a half-caste; but the rather black than brown complexion predominated. He wore the Mohammedon costume, but speke the Englash fluently, ard was—er rather is—for we hope that he is not killed—a good English echolar, and a very shrewd man of business. Mr. Mudie assument of the unfo

The female friends of Meer Sahib Azimullah Khan Babadoor—the first two and the last two titles are complimentary in this case—we "dare say" kept their presents; but they did no good in return with their friends, "the important personages." How far an examination of these accounts and bills may have given to Naza Sahio a low ides of English ladies, and even induced part of that horrible crueity which has lately distinguished—as it has deservedly ruined, the chief of Bithoor—unless he become a successful rebel —is not for us to say, because we cannot truly tell; but, doubtless, the loss of his pension, and then the sacrifice of immense sums of mosey—as he believes, probably, in the prosecution of his business—must have kindled part of that wrath in his mind which he wasted principle to control.

wanted principle to control.

It is a curious fact that the Peishwa himself, we

derstand, rather wished part of his money to be exderstand, rather wished part of his money to be expected in public purposes. The man whose name is row the most dishonored, who is regarded as a savinge of the groerest ferecity, and truly so regarded, is the same person who a few winters since, when, after a since frost, severe distress and even rioting occurred among the laborers on the Thames, requested the Lord Mayor to charge him with the support of a hundred of these men and their families. This was the act of his agent directly, for the frost, the riots and the want could not have been known on the Ganges while they existed on the Thames; but it was one of those acts which the agent know to be consistent with the directions of his principal; and that, perhaps, is more than can be said for heavier items in the expenditure,

FROM WASHINGTON.

DISCUSSION OF KANSAS AFFAIRS BY THE

DISCUSSION OF KANSAS AFFAIRS BY THE PRESIDENT AND GOV. WALKER.

Special Dispatch to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, Nov. 26, 1857.

Gav. Walker had a long and very friendly interview will the President to day. They discussed Kanna affairs at length, especially relative to the preprint of sustaining the action of the Constitutional Convention in not referring the entire instrument to the people. The distinguished gentlemen, though differing radically, parted friends, appointing another interview for the discussion of the same subject.

Some of their mutual friends hope for the ultimate recenciliation of their views, but the hope is fallacious. Their differences are too radical for conspromise. Open heathity is inevitable, involving a split of the National Democracy—Wa'ker heading the Conservatives, and Buchacan the Fire Eaters.

The Governor's opinion of the Constitution is not founded on the Slavery clause, which is alone partially submitted, but on the refusal of the Convention to permit the people to vote against as well as for the Constitution. He regards this as a violation of the Federal Constitution, of the Nebraska-Kansas bill, of pepular sovereignty, and of the right of self-government.

The President insists that, as the Constitutional Constitutional Constitutional Constitutional Constitutional Constitutional Constitutional Constitutional Constitutional Constitutions and constitutions and constitutions constitutions constitutions are the Constitutional Constitutional Constitutional Constitutions and constitutions constitutions are the Constitutional Constitutions and constitutions are the Constitutional Constitutions and constitutions are the Constitutional Constitution and constitutions are the Constitutional Constitution and constitutions are the Constitution and constitution and constitution and constitutions are constitution and constitu

Federal Constitution, of the Nebraska-Kansas bill, of pepular sovereignty, and of the right of self-government.

The President insists that, as the Constitutional Convention was authorized by Congress, he is bound to sustain its action, whatever it may be, while Walker holds that the application of his doctrine to sustain its refusal to submit the entire Constitution to the pepular vote, amounts to a simple assertion of the right of Congress to force any Constitution on the Territory, instead of leaving the people to decide for themselves; for it is notorious that the people of Kansas would reject this instrument if they had the opporturity. He states that the Constitution was signed by only forty three out of sixty members of the Convention—those refusing being Conservatives. The great majority even of the Pro-Slavery men denounced the action of the Convention as an outrageous and uneadurable usurpation. Those in the Territory who support the Convention as an outrageous and uneadurable usurpation. Those in the Territory who support the Convention are believed to comprise a sidiou lously small number, and vast numbers who sever acted with the Free-State men will refuse to participate in the December election.

Governor Walker has never yet seen the Constitution and nobody outside knows what it is. All afforts of the Governor to obtain a copy failed. The Committee having it in charge may make it whatever they choose, without any popular check. There is reach to fear that its signers will be driven out of the Territory, that it will be considered spurious, and that the State Government never can be set in operation under it unless by the Federal arms.

Governor Walker declares that he cannot acquieces in the action of the Convention without violating every pledge he ever gave, and sacrificing his honest convictions to make himself infamous.

If resistance is made to the establishment of the Kate Government, the President will necessarily call upon the Governor of the Territory to exercise force to put it down. Th

The effect of all this, if the President persists, will be that the Executive will find himself in a minority in both Houses of Congress, for Walker will be sustained by a decided majority in each. He cannot be thrown out of the Democrafic party, as were Recommend Shannon.

thrown out of the Democrafic party, as were Reeder and Shannon.

"The Kaness question has again suddenly assumed a gloomy and threatening aspect. President Bushaman had indorsed the action of the Constitutional Convection and approved of the plan for submitting the Constitution to the people. This I have stated in my dispatches. Now Gov. Walker arrives and swears the cath of Hannibal against the whole proceeding. He pronounces it an outrage upon the people of Kaness, and a shameless violation of all the principles of free government. He is absclutely opposed to the Constitution, and stands pledged to defeat it. An effort on the part of Cergress, he says, to force that Constitution on the people of Kaness, without their regice being heard for or against it, will surely be followed by rebellion and bloody civil war. He describes the opposition to it as almost universal, and says no party in the Territory favors it. Thus are the President and Gov. Walker brought in direct opposition on this exciting and embarraseing subject.

"At 1 o clock to-day Gov. Walker had his first interview with Mr. Buchanan, and after five hours of the kindert and most friendly interchange of views, they parted to eleep upon the question, and will most again to morrow. A split between these two distinguished officials would be productive just now of diaseter to the country and perfect ann initiation to the Democratis party. Can they recorded their difference of opinion f Mutual friends here hope so, but the parties themselves fear not. Mr. Buchanan thicks that a submission.

Mutual friends here hope so, but the parties themrelves fear not. Mr. Buchanan thicks that a submission of the Slavery clause to the people was se much
gained; and as this was the gist of the whole dispute,
he deemed it his duty to approve of what was done, it
he could not have the whole Constitution submitted as
he desired. Gov. Walker says Slavery is not the issue among the people of Kaneas—that has passed
by; but all the issues affecting their government as a
community are involved in the Constitution, on which
they are denied the privilege to vote, and they wif
resist at all hazards the attempt to force it upon
them, and to this resistance he himself is absolutely
and uncompremisingly committed. Can the Governor
back down? He certainly never will. But may he
not return to Kaneas and urge a free, full and peaceable vote upon the Slavery clause, under a protest
against the rest of the Constitution; and having rid it
of this incubus, there not being three hundred men in
the Territorry who would vote for the clause there,
afterward leave Congress to send the rest of the Constitution back to the people for a proper vote upon the
instrument itself? This, it is believed, Gov. Walker
could do without any sacrifice of principle or position.
If so, should he not, as a great statesman looking to
the good of his country, make baste to do it, and by
this means harmonize the difference of sentiment and
avoid its unhappy censequences?

"I learn that the Constitution itself is yet a secret
document in the Territory, and still in the heads of the
Committee, to be altered and amended as they may
think proper. Twenty dollars was effected for a copy
of it by a gentleman, but it could not be had. It is
the earnest desire of both the President and
friendly intercourse may lead to this. It not we have
had but the beginning of the cod of bleeding

THE PREMEDITATED FRAUD IN MINNESOTA .- THE St. Paul Minnesotian gives as account of a Demo-cratic caucus held at the American House in that city, where an arrangement was made to bring in forged poll-books for the Counties of Todd, Case and Pembins, in order to give Sibley a majority. These facts, and many others, will be made public in The Times, when the Committee who have taken the matter in hand give the subject a thorough investigation.

The Minnesotion of the 14th says:

"We understand that on Wednesday last a committee of citizens, coesisting of Judges Goodrich, and coper, and Mr. Hale, called upon Secretary Chaos, at his office in the Capitol, and issually communicated to him that they had reliable information that forged clection returns, poll lists, &c.a, had been manufactured by certain parties, mostly purporting to be the returns from precincts in Cass. Toda and Pembina counties, in which large majorities are represented to have been cast for Mr. Sibley for Governor; and they haked that on the receipt of any seturns from these counties, they should have the opportunity of inspecting them, and it brought by messengers, of questioning them as to the source from whence they were obtained.

"Mr. Chase agreed to their request, and premised to give them due notice accordingly."

Newspaper-Publishing under Difficulties.—
In the Court of Common Pleas this morning, the jury in the case of Dr. J. M. Harmon, publisher of The Lovell Trampet, charged with a libel on Judge Crosby, of the Lowell Police Court, returned a vertical of guilty, when Judge Bishop sentenced the defendant to three months in the House of Correction. There is still another indictment against Harmon for libeling another party.

"Morszograph."—The Philadelphia Ledger has discounteranced the word "telegraph," and places over its Latest News column so longer "Telegraphed to the Ledger," but "Morszographed," etc. A "dispatch" is no longer a dispatch, —but a "Morszographe." NEWSPAPER-PUBLISHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES